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That Glorious Song of Old

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That Glorious Song of Old.

"That Glorious Song of Old"

BY

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED FREDERICKS

ENGRAVED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF
GEORGE T. ANDREW

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University Press:
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"THAT GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD"

Is one of the sweetest of all the glad carols that echo "The Song of Bethlehem," — that grandest song of all the centuries, — whose recitative, sung by the archangel Gabriel, and whose chorus, voiced by a chosen choir of the heavenly host, was heard by the affrighted shepherds, while the "glory of the Lord shone round about them," as it broke upon the midnight silence of fair Judea; and which has been answered by every recurring season for nearly two thousand years, to be resumed again "when He cometh in the glory of His Father, with the holy angels.".

Edmund Hamilton Sears

Was born April 7, 1810, at Sandisfield, a quaint old town nestled among the Berkshire hills in Western Massachusetts.

With little aid from his family, and larger self-denial on his own part, he entered Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., where he was graduated at the age of twenty-four. Three years afterwards, in 1837, he was graduated at Cambridge Divinity School.

With most decided tastes for a literary career, his deep religious sentiment impelled him, from early boyhood, to the Christian ministry.

He enjoyed this service amidst the quiet of the grand old towns of Lancaster, Wayland, and Weston, in Massachusetts, where he also found time to engage in those literary pursuits and studies which were so congenial to his taste, and for which, because of physical limitations, he finally withdrew from pastoral labors. He died in Weston, among his former parishioners, beloved and honored, Jan. 16, 1876.

The limits of this note will not allow of an extended reference to Dr. Sears's literary labors; but of all his poetical productions those by which he will be the longest remembered, — and which, by the right of a singular adaptedness, are the property of the Christian Church Universal, — are "The Angels' Song" of this volume, and "The Christmas Song," commencing, "Calm, on the listening ear of night."

"That Glorious Song of Old."

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King"—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;—
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;—
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

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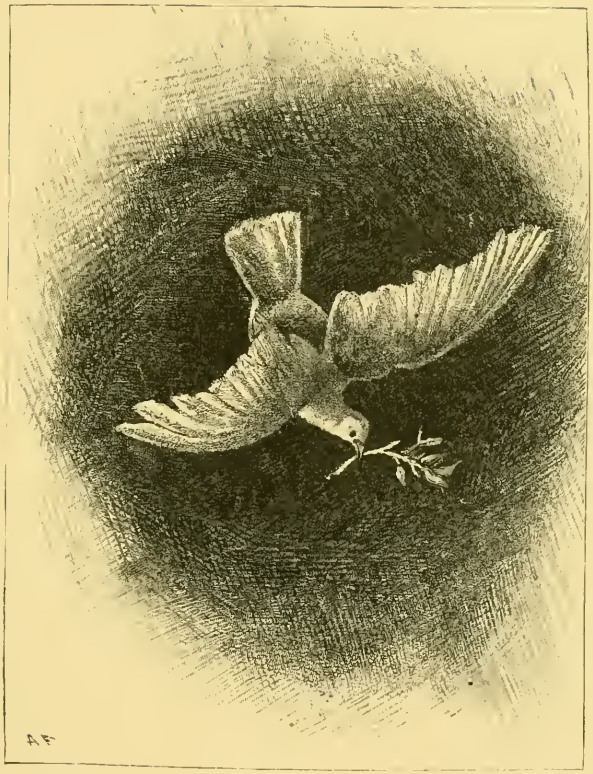

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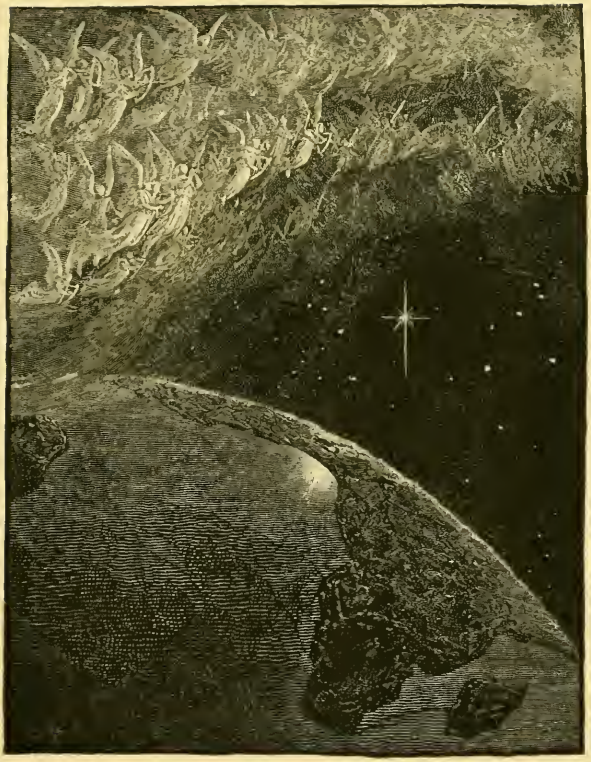

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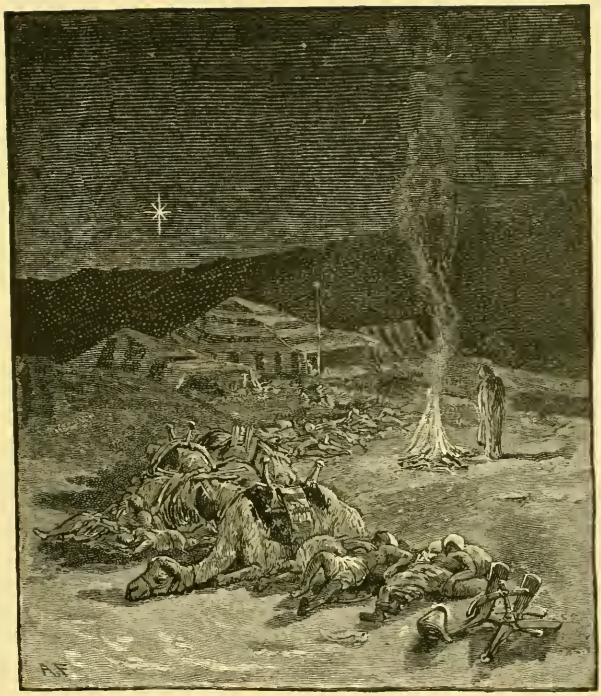

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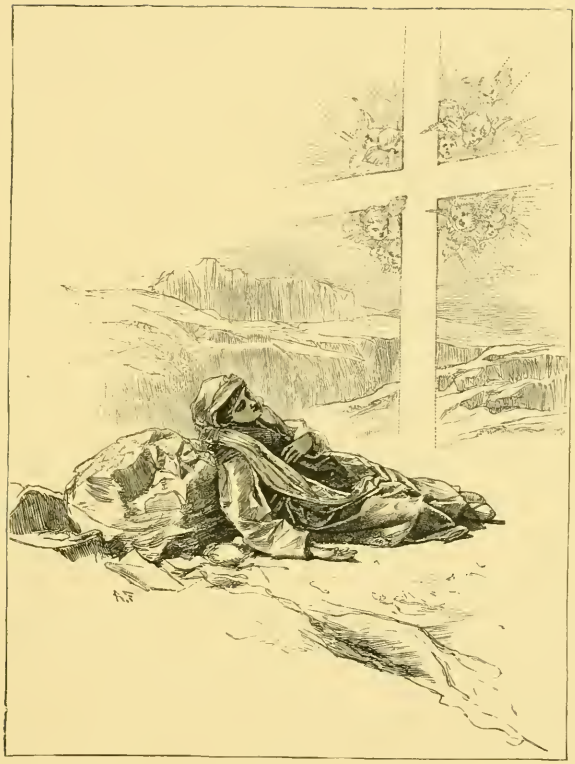

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